Behind the Curtains of the Glendon Theatre

Theatre Glendon sits tucked away between a set of washrooms and a classroom. Nevertheless what it lacks in visibility it more than makes up for with its ambitious productions.

The theatre and the Drama Studies program are continuously reaffirming their importance to the college. As one of the only places where community events are held at Glendon, it also serves as an artistic gathering point. It will soon become the venue for some original plays as well thanks to a relationship with an independent theatre company which will soon be announced.

continued page 2...
theatre Glendon continued

We Asked You
What will the Glendon manor end up looking like this time next year? In the new year it will be undergoing some drastic changes which will possibly involve the moving of several of the existing tenants. With that in mind, Pro Tem went around visiting some of those working in the building, to ask them: What will the changes to the manor mean to you and how will it affect your work? Also, were you notified?

Pam Broley
Dr. Shodja Ziaian
Gerard Stocker

The Next Meeting Will Be Held On The First Tuesday in January
At each meeting we’ll give you the lowdown on what’s happening with the next issue of the paper and during the Tuesdays following the release of an issue we’ll be talking about what went wrong and what was done well.

Pro Tem
Pro Tem is the bi-weekly and independent newspaper of Glendon College. First published in 1962, it is the oldest student publication at York University. En plus d’être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. As a full member of the Canadian University Press, we strive to act as an agent of social change and will not to print copy deemed racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise oppressive.

Editor-in-Chief
Chris Spraakman
Redactrice-en-Chef
Julie Marion Sage
Layout
Rob Shaw
Chris Spraakman
Photo Editor
Peter Garver
Contributors
Gerard Stocker
David Bouquevel
R. Reid
Jon Swayne
Mel Elle
Lai
Todd Celand
Adil Mamodaly
Isabelle Coté
Jacqui Simon
Gerard Stocker
Sara O'Shaughnessy
Jake Mitchell
Julien Daviau
Jennifer Capano
Todd Hustins
Alfonso Gruzman
Frank Bolivar
Please respond to what you read in the pages of Pro Tem. We can be reached by:
416-457-6766
protem@glendon.yorku.ca
Pro Tem
Rm. 117 Glendon Hall, Glendon College
2275 Bayview Ave.
Toronto, M4N 3M6.
Venez nous voir tous les mardis après-midis dans notre bureau qui se trouve ENCORE au rende-chaussée du manoir.

Merry Christmas to one and all!

Letters to the editor may be edited for content or clarity. All copy appearing in Pro Tem is the discretion of the editorial team.
Ed. Note: We encourage you to respond to what you read in our pages. Here are a few of the letters we've received:

Dear Editor:

In our free and democratic society that we live in today, certain individuals and organizations unfortunately take upon themselves to ensure that their society is in fact not completely free nor democratic. The question then arises; what do we, as students of a liberal arts college stand for? Surely we all believe in the fundamental freedoms of a democratic society. Surely we all believe in fair treatment, and equal opportunity. But Glendon is not immune to the infringement of these basic freedoms as can evidently be observed through the workings of the Glendon Council Student Union.

The GCSU's lack of respect for a democratic environment was conspicuously made in these past councillor elections. I chose to run in these elections, seeking a council representative position and had submitted all the paperwork necessary to do so. Apparently on November 19th, 6 days before the election date, a meeting was held for all those seeking to run for the position, yet I had not received notification of this meeting and consequently did not attend.

On Wednesday the 19th of November, the councillor elections were finally held. (Only two members after the proposed date.) I went to fulfill my student duty and voted, and found that my name was not on the list. Many questions were racing through my head; among them was how this could be. I had submitted my application form, and had procured twenty signatures. I was clearly nominated, why on earth would I not be on the list? I voted and then proceeded directly to the GCSU office to inquire just as to why my name was not printed on that ballot. I asked why and was told it was "Because you didn't come to the meeting." I asked how I could have gone if I knew nothing about it. I was then replied with "I sent you a page; (I have a pager)."

I was then shocked because I know I had never received a page. I am not one to jump to conclusions, but I have never missed a page yet, and it seems odd that I would have missed this one. On the chance that my page did not receive the page, I asked why I wasn't notified via email. I was told that there would be no preferential treatment and if the others didn't receive an email then why should I. I understood this but was still flustered. I asked how much time was there between the announcement of the meeting and the meeting itself. I was told it was two days. I asked what other forms of communication were sent out about this meeting, there were none. So just because I "missed" a page I was taken off the ballot.

A meeting that was so important, important enough to take me off the ballot should have at the minimum been communicated to all candidates in writing.

I wonder how GCSU justifies this. How is it right that a person who could not attend a gunshot meeting of prospective councillors be taken off the ballot without verbal or written confirmation. Each prospective councillor represents a minimum of twenty signatures and thus twenty people. Why are twenty people's political say ignored on a "missed" page? I was told that the election coordinator was designated at the last minute, thus the quickness of the election and the meeting.

I was told that the onus was on me as a prospective councillor to know I had never received a page. A page that actually purchases alcohol. I don't know how such a position was determined. I honestly wanted to run for the position, yet I had not received notification of this meeting and consequently did not attend.

When a student enters their school pub, he or she feels a certain kind of joy knowing that there is a place on campus where they can go to hang out, to drink, and just have fun. So when did this change at Glendon?

When did going to Pub become a chore? Last year I tried to make it to every pub night. This year, I was a little disappointed by the fact that I had to pay to get in, but I let it go because if it weren't for students like me going, there would be no pub.

I am trying to figure out why my opinion on pub shifted from good to bad. Perhaps it was the time a friend and I went to pub really late after going to a bar downtown. My friend had asked if we could get in for free since the night was going to be over in less than an hour. The guy taking the money implied that only if she showed him her chest would she be able to. My friend was outraged.

She threw a twenty at him and demanded her change. Hossein Samilian was in close proximity to the incident. To make it up to my friend, he gave each of us a free shot. This incident alone is reason enough for me not to go to pub anymore. However, this same friend asked me if I wanted to go back on Friday November 21 and I reluctantly said yes.

When it came time to pay, I noticed that for the first time this year, Hossein was working the door. I presented my health card photo ID, and I was denied access to the pub as a member of the age of majority. Apparently, after a year and a half of using my OHIP card as ID at pub and throughout various bars in downtown Toronto, it is now an invalid form of ID. As confused as I was, I accepted a 'X' on my hand as proof that I cannot drink at pub, and walked around stigmatized as a member of the 'under 19' club. What is even more confusing is the fact that at the pub previous to this, I received a free "sorry" shot.

To be sure that I am not going crazy, and that every bar I have ever been to in Toronto has accepted my ID, I called the Liquor Control Board Infoline and spoke to a woman named Christine. I asked them if Heath Cards are a valid form of ID. She told me that Picture health cards are acceptable, however, only when they are presented. An employee is not allowed to specifically ask for a health card as ID. Christine continued, "personally, I think a driver's license is the best form of ID to use, but; when asking for proof of age, most places will accept a health card." She asked her if bars and clubs downtown were allowed to accept Health Cards, and she told me that it is up to the individual bar's discretion. "Some clubs accept it, some clubs don't," she said.

If this is the case, and bars have the choice of whether to accept them or not, why then has Hossein decided that Glendon Pub will no longer be accepting Health Cards as proof of age? I have been to practically every pub this year, and I am one of the only people that actually purchases alcohol. I have been paying three dollars to get into each pub to pay for renovations that I didn't ask for. And now all of a sudden I am not eligible to overspend for my liquor. To everyone that goes to Glendon and relies on his or her health cards as ID, don't fret. There are still many bars downtown that accept health cards as ID. To sweeten the deal, these bars let you in for free before eleven. Who could ask for anything more?

Jennifer Capano

The Breasts of Both Worlds

When a student enters their school pub, he or she feels a certain kind of joy knowing that there is a place on campus where they can go to hang out, to drink, and just have fun. So when did this change at Glendon?

When did going to Pub become a chore? Last year I tried to make it to every pub night. This year, I was a little disappointed by the fact that I had to pay to get in, but I let it go because if it weren't for students like me going, there would be no pub.

I am trying to figure out why my opinion on pub shifted from good to bad. Perhaps it was the time a friend and I went to pub really late after going to a bar downtown. My friend had asked if we could get in for free since the night was going to be over in less than an hour. The guy taking the money implied that only if she showed him her chest would she be able to. My friend was outraged.

She threw a twenty at him and demanded her change. Hossein Samilian was in close proximity to the incident. To make it up to my friend, he gave each of us a free shot. This incident alone is reason enough for me not to go to pub anymore. However, this same friend asked me if I wanted to go back on Friday November 21 and I reluctantly said yes.

When it came time to pay, I noticed that for the first time this year, Hossein was working the door. I presented my health card photo ID, and I was denied access to the pub as a member of the age of majority. Apparently, after a year and a half of using my OHIP card as ID at pub and throughout various bars in downtown Toronto, it is now an invalid form of ID. As confused as I was, I accepted a 'X' on my hand as proof that I cannot drink at pub, and walked around stigmatized as a member of the 'under 19' club. What is even more confusing is the fact that at the pub previous to this, I received a free "sorry" shot.

To be sure that I am not going crazy, and that every bar I have ever been to in Toronto has accepted my ID, I called the Liquor Control Board Infoline and spoke to a woman named Christine. I asked them if Heath Cards are a valid form of ID. She told me that Picture health cards are acceptable, however, only when they are presented. An employee is not allowed to specifically ask for a health card as ID. Christine continued, "personally, I think a driver's license is the best form of ID to use, but; when asking for proof of age, most places will accept a health card." She asked her if bars and clubs downtown were allowed to accept Health Cards, and she told me that it is up to the individual bar's discretion. "Some clubs accept it, some clubs don't," she said.

If this is the case, and bars have the choice of whether to accept them or not, why then has Hossein decided that Glendon Pub will no longer be accepting Health Cards as proof of age? I have been to practically every pub this year, and I am one of the only people that actually purchases alcohol. I have been paying three dollars to get into each pub to pay for renovations that I didn't ask for. And now all of a sudden I am not eligible to overspend for my liquor. To everyone that goes to Glendon and relies on his or her health cards as ID, don't fret. There are still many bars downtown that accept health cards as ID. To sweeten the deal, these bars let you in for free before eleven. Who could ask for anything more?

Jennifer Capano

Congratulations on your coverage of Sex, Drugs and Rocksponsibility.

I would like to congratulate Leanne Le-gault for her article about Poppers in the recent edition of Protem. The article is very edgy and covers very well all the topics related to poppers. It is very true that each person has to make their own judgement and also have to fully inform themselves before engaging in such an activity. Educating oneself is a daily and lifelong task whether it is about drugs or personal finances or another subject. Providing education and information is not reserved for specialists only but it is everybody's responsibility in our society.

Vineet Saxena
Manager, Housing, Hospitality and Food Service

In an article published in the November 11th issue of ProTem, it was erroneously stated that the depletion of this year's Pepsi account was due to expenditures on Cosmo Fest and Fresh Week. This year the money was not, in fact, spent on either of the aforementioned events; its current balance is the result of past fiscal mismanagement by former GCSU members. The Pro Tem apologizes for this inaccuracy.

One little correction...
Squatting: No Problem -- Toronto Police

With the Christmas season approaching, the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty (OCAP) decided to declare its wishlist

On Saturday November 8, OCAP and its supporters withheld the challenging elements in support of those who are forced to face such a challenge daily.

Disregarding the cold temperature, a reported crowd of 400 marchers gathered at Dundas and Sherbourne planning to march to an unannounced location. The aim was to send a message to the incoming mayor and anyone else who would listen: the notorious state of affordable housing in Toronto needs to be altered.

However, before the march began, the boys in blue discarded their traditional garb for yellow bicycle jackets and congregated (along with their bicycles) outside the protesters’ meeting place in anticipation of the forthcoming protest. During the protest, the police actively tried to reserve order by keeping protesters within the prescribed marching territory. There was a sense of antagonism between marchers and police with both sides having the knowledge that one mishap could instigate a disturbance.

As the protesters marched on, an underlying curiosity about their unknown destination grew. Then unexpectedly, the squatting location was announced, and while surprising the police the “squatters to be” swarmed a house at 558 Gerhard St. E. In the most tumultuous moments of the day, onlookers cheered while police scrambled to prevent protesters from entering the empty house. Alas, the crowd was too great for the police to prevent everyone from entering the house.

Nevertheless, moments passed, and flaring tempers eased. The police relinquished their protection of the empty building freeing OCAP and its supporters to inhabit and tour the unoccupied house. During this time, OCAP members went on to explain their dismay with Toronto housing. For example, since 1996 there have been at least four incidents of homeless people dying on the cold streets while houses such as this one remain unused. OCAP claims those in positions of power have the knowledge with luxury condos.

Continuing on with the unexpected, the squatters were rescued by the grits during the latter stages of the protest. GTA Liberal MP Dennis Mills put his career on the line by saying he would exercise his power to make this house available to those who need accommodation, and if such a feat is not accomplished in thirty days, he will retire.

This was a fitting ending to OCAP’s protest: their demands for politicians to start to use their clout in an effort to improve the housing availability in the GTA were heard by at least one politician. Using his career as collateral to ensuring that something would be done, Mills stepped up to the plate. The next step is to see what will happen in the next month. Will time give improved housing in Toronto or just prove that politicians continue to make idle promises? By December 8 the answer should be clear.

By R. Reid

Waydowntown is where the inhumanity begins

Jake Mitchell looks at how four co-workers cope with the desensitization that results from a corporate existence

If the timeworn adage “art reflects life” got tossed out the window by the techno fantasy film The Matrix, then the stogy old proverb has its day to day existence that is equally dehumanizing. But what is striking about this dehumanization is that it’s universal.

The interconnected buildings of Calgary’s downtown where the film is shot might as well be anywhere; in fact nowhere in the film is the place named, which is exactly the point: Corporate power imposes a sameness manifested in the ubiquitous shopping mall and office culture which is thoroughly inhumane.

At times overly symbolic with obvious visual cues like Tom’s desktop ant farm, the film’s essential quality is that it makes a clear jab at corporate life without being preachy. Jaded popcorn munchers beware: Frank is not overly serious, Waydowntown is not your typical self-important-self-righteous politico manifesto that you may be expecting.

By Jake Mitchell
Bilingual? We have a job at the latest Sweatshop!

Les étudiants constituent une masse ouvrière dans laquelle les compagnies piochent sans scrupules lorsque le besoin s’en fait sentir. L’industrie du télémarketing est la première à le faire.

Throughout the ages, man has required the employment of people in demanding, repetitious positions. Whether it is the 18th century cotton picker breaking his back under the hot sun, the factory hands of the industrial revolution attaching bolt #19 on the assembly line, or the burger flippers feeding the appetite of the nation. Millions of people have found themselves in these unenviable positions to make ends meet. One of the more recent additions to this roster of repetitious, soul-destroying jobs is that of the Customer Service Representative.

Le service à la clientèle par téléphone est une pratique courante ! Tout appel débute par une voix enregistrée: Ici Emile, Mélanie et tutti quanti. Avec un peu de chance et beau­coup de persévérance vous finirez par pouvoir parler à quelqu’un. Vous passerez alors du service automatisé impersonnel aux sévices d’un luthomiste faussement amène. C’est en tout cas l’opinion de cet autre grand intellectuel qu’est celui qui appelle. Qu’en est-il vraiment du pauvre bougre qui lui reçoit l’appel ?

The working conditions are indeed more comfortable than the food service industry. Call center representatives are usually provided a chair, the temperature of the office regulated for comfort, and there’s often a coffee machine within close proximity of the work place. Ergonomics are usually left out of the equation however, and the effects of a headset worn 40 hours a week on the hearing faculties are not advertised in the employment ads. The headset has become the tether which binds the proletariat to the yoke of wage slavery, except the headset is chosen to be worn by those who man the phones.

L’écouteur est au représentant ce que la laisse est au clébard errant. Ça n’est pas facile, on se sent prisonnier, puni. On se rebâtit au début, on se lasse, puis on s’habitue, on se fait une raison. On peut tout de même se détacher pour aller fumer mais ça gaffe fiston t'es chronomètre corrigé ou va voir. Le super boulot tout nouveau tout beau devient vite répétitif, on est rapidement endormi, conditionné, abrutis par leurs fadaises sur la compagnie, ta nouvelle famille. Fou! pour huit heures, heures perdues...

A call center employee, though possessing is or her own name, loses their personality through the myriad of scripts, force-fed lines (“Thank you for choosing...”), sales techniques and the constant threat of disciplinary action for taking a washroom break that’s 90 seconds too long. In fact, you will be hard pressed to find a job that involves such a strict monitoring of staff performance: calls are force-fed at steady intervals, every call may be taped and analysed, and every break is recorded. It is little wonder that the sickness rate is double the manufacturing industry average. Given that call centers now employ more people than the steel and coal industries combined - that sickness rate represents an incredible amount of lost productivity to society as a whole and is an indicator of the stress involved in call center work.

Ambiance frenétique, ça sonne partout, tout le monde jacasse, court après un fax. Un appel, un problème. On se répète, in-fatigable, appel après appel. Une pause de quinze minutes toutes les deux heures, et une demi-heure pour manger, non payée vous l’avez deviné. Il est malaisé de rester détaché et ne pas encaisser personnellement les humeurs des clients.

However, as students, we have to take what we can get in order to pay for rising tuition. Of course we have yet to possess the pieces of paper that will grant us access to more interesting and challenging jobs, and thus most of us will find ourselves watching the clocks in positions which involve not much more than repetition of the same tasks on a constant basis. From 1983 to 1995, the number of businesses using call centers jumped from 41% to 81%. Furthermore, 70% of all business transactions take place over the phone. As more and more students must supplement loans with part time work, and as more and more businesses require call centers to back up new internet ventures and products, we can only expect the percentage of youth employed in call centers to continue rising steadily.

Clébodet est d’autant plus concerné par « le phénomène CSR » que la majorité (?) des étudiants est bilingue. Or, c’est un atout indéniable de pouvoir s’exprimer en français ou en anglais dans ce secteur – à l’occasion du moins –, ne serait-ce qu’en regard du salaire. Ce type de travail semble en tout cas idéal pour les étudiants dans la mesure où il leur permet de travailler avec un emploi du temps relativement flexible et d’être payé à l’heure. Cela accommode une population qui a besoin d’argent mais qui ne peut pas travailler plus d’heures, car les employés à temps partiel ne bénéficient d’aucun des avantages accordés aux employés à temps plein, ces avantages valoureux qui font carrière. Les étudiants constituent une masse ouvrière dans laquelle les compagnies piochent sans scrupules lorsque le besoin s’en fait sentir. Merci d’être venu.

Next caller!

- By Alfonso Grufman & Frank Bolivar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Some Statistics on Telemarketing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• On an average business day about 40% of the more than 260 million calls on AT&amp;T’s network are toll-free, adding up to 24 billion calls per year.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• 70% of all customer interaction occurs in the call center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• The number of US companies using call centers in 1993: 41%. In 1995: 81%.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• There are 69,500 call centers in the US, growing to approximately 78,000 in 2003.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Many temporary workers lack access to critical benefits such as health care and retirement, and are frustrated with the prospect of losing an assignment without notice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• A full 75% of the workers we interviewed told us they felt they had «no other choices» available to them. These workers were ultimately seeking permanent employment. They valued a steady income and access to benefits over the flexible work schedule that temporary work offered.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• For more info visit: <a href="http://www.callcenternews.com">www.callcenternews.com</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
« L’arri ère-pays » des merveilles ou les métamorphoses du « je » : Alice par Srimoyee Mitra

« Eh bien ! Tu es celui qui ? dit le Pigeon. Je vois bien que tu essayes de me raconter des histoires ! Je, je suis une petite fille, dit Alice, pas très sûre d’elle car tous les changements qu’elle avait subis ce jour-là lui revenaient à l’esprit. »

Alice au Pays des merveilles, Lewis Carroll

La nouvelle production de Srimoyee Mitra au théâtre de Glendon, Alice, met en scène un univers onirique dans lequel se rencontrent les personnages mythiques des contes de Perrault et de Lewis Carroll qui évoluent dans une temporalité sans âge. Cette pièce est une invitation au voyage rythmé par les métamorphoses fantastiques et fantastiques d’Alice qui, baignée de candeur, semble flotter sur l’identité de son « je ».

Dès le premier monologue, le spectateur se voit plongé dans un monde où la fiction délirante rencontre une réalité trébuchante : Célia, Alice ? Ici ou ailleurs ? La pièce commence alors à osciller et lance son refrain avec une audace extra-ordinaire se trouvent trois sylphides qui ne sont pas sans rappeler les chœurs des tragédies antiques. D’abord et d’abord, ces trois graces sont ainsi de partout. Qu’elles revêtent la tenue asiatique traditionnelle ou qu’elle se transforment littéralement en « jeunes filles en fleur », elles donnent forme au souffle du désir qui, semble-t-il, attire Alice jusqu’à pas tout à fait femme et plus vraiment petite fille. Alice se voit confrontée aux vertiges d’une identité quasie cherche.

C’est dans un pays des merveilles à l’image de nos rêves les plus environs que cette petite fille aux yeux étrangers traverse des épreuves digne d’un voyage initiatique à la fois spirituel et sensuel. Le décor haut en couleurs - dessiné par Dan Cohen et réalisé dans le cadre d’un cours de Duncan Appleton - crée une atmosphère tourbillonnante qui accompagne les métamorphoses de l’héroïne.

Le jeu de lumières, quant à lui, montre une « seconde » scène avec des ombres toutes féminines qui dansent en arrière plan pour célébrer les courbes du désir. Le temps rapide de la pièce est accompagné d’une bande musicale qui, à elle seule, nous raconte une histoire qui se passe entre l’aéroport de Bombay et des univers électroniques d’une densité toute urbaine, moderne.

À « l’entrée » de ce monde extra-ordinaire se trouvent trois sylphides qui ne sont pas sans rappeler les chœurs des tragédies antiques. « Les grandes questions sont universelles, les réponses culturelles. »

Visiteur, d’Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt, dans une mise en scène de Guy Mignault. La pièce relate l’histoire de Sigmond Freud alors qu’il occupe encore son appartement à Vienne avec sa fille Anna. Nous sommes en 1938, c’est l’Anschluss.

Opiniâtre, Anna exhorte son père valetudinaire à s’excuser, mais Freud se sent solidaire des autres juifs et ne peut se résoudre à fuir. Au cours d’une perquisition au domicile des Freud, la gestapo, qui a tout pouvoir, arrête Anna afin de lui faire subir un interrogatoire. Alors que le vieux psychanalyste se retrouve seul et désemparé, il se retrouve dérouté. Freud est décontenancé, dérouté. Leur dialogue passe rapidement de la simple conversation à l’intense réflexion. Le texte et ses interprètes forment un ensemble cohérent qui ne laisse pas indifférent, il fait réfléchir, c’est rafraîchissant. Les idées reçues sont battues, l’ignorance la bêtise et l’intolérance montrées du doigt. Une pièce critique fort à propos dans un monde qui devient fantasque et bigot.

Le texte et ses interprètes forment un ensemble cohérent qui ne laisse pas indifférent, il fait réfléchir, c’est rafraîchissant. Les idées reçues sont battues, l’ignorance la bêtise et l’intolérance montrées du doigt. Une pièce critique fort à propos dans un monde qui devient fantasque et bigot.

Par Julien Daviau

Freud revisité : Le Visiteur de Schmitt

Le théâtre français de Toronto présentait dernièrement, Le Visiteur, d’Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt, dans une mise en scène de Guy Mignault. La pièce relate l’histoire de Sigmond Freud alors qu’il occupe encore son appartement à Vienne avec sa fille Anna. Nous sommes en 1938, c’est l’Anschluss.

Opiniâtre, Anna exhorte son père valetudinaire à s’excuser, mais Freud se sent solidaire des autres juifs et ne peut se résoudre à fuir. Au cours d’une perquisition au domicile des Freud, la gestapo, qui a tout pouvoir, arrête Anna afin de lui faire subir un interrogatoire. Alors que le vieux psychanalyste se retrouve seul et désemparé, il se retrouve dérouté. Freud est décontenancé, dérouté. Leur dialogue passe rapidement de la simple conversation à l’intense réflexion. Le texte et ses interprètes forment un ensemble cohérent qui ne laisse pas indifférent, il fait réfléchir, c’est rafraîchissant. Les idées reçues sont battues, l’ignorance la bêtise et l’intolérance montrées du doigt. Une pièce critique fort à propos dans un monde qui devient fantasque et bigot.

Le texte et ses interprètes forment un ensemble cohérent qui ne laisse pas indifférent, il fait réfléchir, c’est rafraîchissant. Les idées reçues sont battues, l’ignorance la bêtise et l’intolérance montrées du doigt. Une pièce critique fort à propos dans un monde qui devient fantasque et bigot.
Poet : Un voyage à travers la poésie de Daniel Jones

Voilà le meilleur moyen de faire jouer tout les acteurs d'une troupe de théâtre au même temps : les saynètes, ou plutôt, ce sont des récits de vie que nous avons proposés les élèves de Bob Wallace lors de leur représentation de « Poet ». Un décor éprouvé, juste une machine à écrire qui en dit long sur le sujet, l'objet de la création, l'interface qui a permis à Daniel Jones de nous offrir sa poésie. Puis des chaises, une, deux, presque une dizaine. Elles sont peinturées, souillées, comme raturées. On assiste presque à une danse de chaise, un ballet de sièges qui permettront aux acteurs de prendre la pose.

Les personnages sont caractérisés, leurs comportements vestimentaire et gestuel marquent un haut degré de recherche et imprègnent le plateau d'une noirceur moite et inconfortable. On ne peut envier ces figurer, mais on en écoute en compréhensant aux histoires dont ils ne semblent pas se plaindre. Le verbe est cru, mais le ton est juste. Certains sujets prétendent même à la franche rigolade, jusqu'au retour de situations glauques renouées par une musique pesante et omniprésente.

Ce soir là, les éléments naturels avaient même prêté main forte aux sonorités de la mise en scène puisque l'orage s'en mêlait, laissant le trombone résonner après les répliques capitales et la pluie fouetter les vitres tels des martins-cinglants.

L'utilisation de la projection vidéo est également un élément scénique de choix, transportant le public dans un monde plein de réalité visuelle. Tout le reste reste le lieu privilégié de la vie trépidante des personnages rendant l'action très proche des spectateurs. De même, l'utilisation d'un éclairage feutré extrêmement tamisé et sombre permet de rendre l'ambiance intimiste, nous sommes dans le salon du narrateur et il nous fait part de ses expériences passées.

Ce sentiment est d'ailleurs encore plus présent lorsqu'on se déplace et rapproche l'écran à quelques mètres de l'assistance. Magnifique effet que cette toile blanche qui se découpe et se déploie, ondulant dans l'espace scénique et contristant les tons noirs et opaques des costumes et du décor. Un des personnages devient tout à coup une vierge opaline enrubannée du tissu évoqué plus haut, unique occasion de percevoir une once d'espoir dans le monde torturé de Daniel Jones.

Une mise en scène buisson de riches idées et servie par une brochette d'acteurs très compétents : un cocktail d'étonnament parfait pour un spectacle sans prétention qui mérite une pleine considération.

- Par David Bouqurel

Poèmes à trois voix

S

Solitaire invité, imaginaire ébété, si les femmes étaient des anges, Dieu serait suicidé. Tant bien que mal, il n’aurait pu résister. Ne pas manger de ce pain signifierait être déchue. Mais le vin est si doux, les âmes sont déjà damnées. Un peu, beaucoup, pas trop ou plutôt ne l’aurait signifié pas, continue, ne cède pas, résiste, encore, irrationnel, intemporel, magique, lyrique, c’en est fini, j’ai failli.

L’encre trouble monte à la tête, celle qui prête sa couleur aux journées de roses, irréelle et sublime.

Par Lui.

M

Mademoiselle.

Cet autre est venu jusqu’ici. Suspendu à un fil d’étoiles, il a frappé la couche de sa vie. Avec écarts, l’ange noir est arrivé sur ses deux ailes, à elle. Dans un irrésistible battement d’œufs, il s’est posé à ses côtés. Elle, sylphide, sculptée entre les lignes, n’a pas hésité à refermer ses paupières, l’assistance. Magnifique effet que cette version des acteurs de prendre la pose. Ce soir là, les éléments naturels avaient même prêté main forte aux sonorités de la mise en scène puisque l’orage s’en mêlait, laissant le trombone résonner après les répliques capitales et la pluie fouetter les vitres tels des martins-cinglants.

L’encre trouble monte à la tête, celle qui prête sa couleur aux journées de roses, irréelle et sublime.

Par Lui.

M

Marle

Un silence pesant. Assis à terre, je tète sur une cigarette tandis que mon cul se pèle. Je tente de faire le vide de mon trop plein émotionnel. Je me trouve temporairement apaisé. Mes paupières s’abattent. Témide, une larme qui, n’osant pas s’afficher, se retient depuis plusieurs jours, se forme doucement, elle se risque. Pas pressée, elle roule tranquillement, s’arrête un moment puis reprend finalement sa descente. Gagné par la ténèreté de son homologue de droite, l’œil gauche lui emboîte le pas.

Une seconde larme déboule. Beaucoup plus lourde que la première, celle-ci dévalue tout schéma de la peine de mes joies cressées. Voilà maintenant qu’elles se précipitent les unes après les autres. Il a suffi d’une pour que le reste suive. Le barrage de mon orgueil a cédé. Ces pleurs, plus rien ne les contient, ne les retient. Flot lacrymal impétueux au débit sans cesse accru. Je ne t’entends plus, voilà que je ne vois plus très bien.

Par Moi.

Glendon students take their work to a new scene

On Thursday November at the Gladstone, Glendonites and friends got together to enjoy an eclectic mix of music, poetry, spoken word and visual arts. Conceived by our own Gab Sirio and Kristin Foster, 3rd Rail was a great evening to feature local artists with a wide range of music from Blue Grass to experimental music, with a diverse audience to boot, the first incarnation of this art night was an all-round success.

Our Black Box Nest

Theatre Glendon, tucked away in the back of the school, for some is nothing but a hallway with double doors at the end, a weird booth-thing with flashy lights, a summer-time cafeteria for when the school rents out your space for their money. But for a few others, for those who make an effort, for those who walk in and stay, that faded-black auditorium is much more.

For some, it’s an excellent way to meet people, to sweat, to speak out, to draw on years of hidden practice and talent. For some it’s a center, a hub, around which the rest of Glendon slowly rotates. It is a place of intense connections. It is a place of heightened reality. It is a place where people speak weeks or months in cramped quarters, living breathing, eating, sweating, and bleeding together. It is a place for friendship, dreams, longing, love and loss. It is where the ancient gods of Greece still live, the phantoms of abuse might materialize, where the laughter of a thousand pent-up minutes might burst out... it is for the poets, the narcissists, the resilient, the hopeful, and the broken.

And it’s damned near free entertainment of surpassing quality that be warned, mindless entertainment isn’t the goal there.

Thank you for the years Erskine.

- By Todd Cleland
La Thaïlande, terre de métamorphoses

« Rien ne se perd, rien ne se crée, tout se transforme »
Antoine Laurent Lavoisier

Une des beautés de séjourner à l’étranger est qu’une nouvelle culture est habituellement synonyme de nouveaux congés. Hong Kong ne fit nullement exception à la règle avec le Nouvel An Chinois qui permet à tous les étudiants en échange de partir aux quatre coins de l’Asie. Avec les trois mêmes joyeux lurons qui furent mes compères de voyage lors de ma courte expédition en Chine, nous avons décidé avec stratégie la destination de notre nouveau périple. Une visite à l’agence de voyage et un coup d’œil rapide sur les vols les moins chers et nous étions partis. Dans quelle direction ? Mais en Thaïlande mes chers enfants ! Pays internationalement réputé pour (à vous de compléter par l’une des options suivantes: sa cuisine, ses prostituées, ses drogues, ses full moon party, ou encore ses pâques. Le choix est difficile, je sais !)

S’était arrivé à Bangkok, notre petit être avait le plus cher était de fuir au plus vite cette ville aux chaufeurs de taxi survoltés et crosseurs sur les bords. Après 5 heures d’autobus, nous avons vallonné de trouver l’humidité suffocante de la capitale pour un petit coin de paradis nommé Ko Samet. Encore aujourd’hui, la simple mention du nom de notre île de rêve nous redonne le sourire aux lèvres.

Les 5 jours passés à cet endroit m’ont ouvert les yeux sur un bon nombre de leçons de vie bien différentes de celles que ma mère me donnait lorsque prenait ce ton qui semblait dire “Ah ma fille, si tu savais...” J’ai alors appris que derrière certaineserveuses thailandaises se cache parfois... un homme. En effet, la pratique du changement de sexe est en pleine expansion dans le pays. On ne fuit pas notre surprise lorsque, une fois arrivés à Phnom Penh, une crise diplomatique éclata entre la Thaïlande et le Cambodge. Mais quelle ne fut pas notre surprise lorsque, les frontières étaient alors fermées et nous étions bloqués dans le pays. À ce moment, deux options se présentaient à nous. Nous pouvions faire le tour en larmes, des ambassades de la capitale cambodgienne (c’est-à-dire 3 ou 4) dans l’espoir qu’une d’entre elles accepte de nous faire sortir illégalement du pays ou bien profiter des hamacs, de l’hospitalité et des spécialités de la ville au moins aussi illogiques.

La suite au prochain numéro!

— Par Isabelle Côté

NEWS IN BRIEF

Awarding winning Canadian author Yann Martel will read from his best-selling novel "Life of Pi"

Martel’s reading is part of York’s fifth annual Canadian Writers in Person series, which gives students and the public alike an opportunity to get up close and personal with their favourite Canadian authors.

“Martel is one of Canada’s most impressive literary talents,” said series organizer John Unruh, an English professor in York’s Atkinson Faculty of Liberal and Professional Studies.

Life of Pi (Knopf Canada, 2001) is the story of Pi Patel, who becomes shipwrecked when the cargo ship carrying his family from India to Canada sinks in the Pacific Ocean. Pi is cast adrift in a lifeboat with the unlikeliest of travelling companions: a zebra, an orangutan, a hyena, and a 450-pound Royal Bengal tiger named Richard Parker. Pi is witness to the playing out of the food chain. When only the tiger is left of the seafaring menagerie, Pi realizes that his survival depends on his ability to keep from being Richard Parker’s next meal.

Born in Spain in 1963, Yann Martel won the Booker Prize in 2002 for Life of Pi. His work includes “The Facts Behind the Helsinki Roccamatios and Other Stories” (1983) and “Self: A Novel” (1999). He has just ended a year as Samuel Fischer Gastprofessor at the Free University of Berlin, and is currently writer-in-residence at the Saskatoon Public Library.

The reading will be given in Steedman Lecture Hall “D” at the Keele campus on Thursday, Dec. 4, at 7:30 p.m.

The series is sponsored by the Master’s Office and the School of Arts and Letters at Atkinson.

Literary translation a fascinating hobby for Glendon Professor

Professor Michiel Horn of the history department has made a hobby out of literary translation for the past nine years, work he says finds “endlessly fascinating, and I am more than willing to bend any listener’s ear on the subject.”

Recently, Horn completed a translation into English of a story in Dutch by Maarten ’t Hart, whose novels and collections of short stories and essays are bestsellers in Holland, Germany, and several other European countries.

The story, “Midsummer in April”, has as its theme global climate change.

Horn has completed another translation of a novel, which will be published in 2004.

Among the more recent books he has written are: “Academic Freedom in Canada: A History” (University of Toronto Press, 1996), and “Becoming Canadian: Memoirs of an Invisible Immigrant” (University of Toronto Press, 1997).
The World Needs a Hug

Jacqui looks at societies' need for violence and how this affects all of us.

When was the last time you sat down to a hockey game with a cold beer in one hand and a slice of pizza in the other knowing you were going to see a really good game of hockey rather than the WWE on ice? How about playing video games on the web or on your chosen gaming console without playing a game that interested you because it involved high speed chases, gun fights or some kind of large breasted woman in a bikini?

The truth is that society is has become poisoned with a ruthless desire for blood.

While watching a hockey game the other night between two teams a player was thrown into the boards and then fell to the ice in an awkward angle. What did the crowd do? They cheered and booed and rose to their feet. They either screamed threats at the referee for not making a call or they screamed threats at the instigating player for the hit or they just screamed for the sheer exhilaration of seeing a fellow human being boogied into the boards like a 'bug on a windshield'.

Now there are some people, (I shouldn't discredit the whole human race) that believe there is too much violence in today's society and are trying to do something about it. What do they do? They protest. Most protests, peaceful or not make someone or some party involved angry.

We look at our world today and we can see that it is becoming more and more desensitized to violence. Not only are we becoming desensitized, but we are actually starting to like it. Believe it or not there is not one person on this earth who can deny the thrill of a good competition. Competition usually means win at all costs and in our world most competitors have no problem playing dirty to get to the top. When it comes to politicians, municipal, provincial, or federal it doesn't matter the name of the game has become win at all costs. It could mean buying a candidate out of the race or slandering their person to no end. Many times politicians have come dangerously close to crossing that fine line between slandering and down right mud slinging to come out the better person in a debate. This accomplishes nothing as the real issues are lost in the childish bickering and name calling. If you sat down the average Canadian and asked them what a political parties principal beliefs are they probably couldn't answer but they could answer a question of who that party is against the most.

Issues of violence or underhandedness are not limited to politics or the NHL no, they extend out into everything we do in life. It could be as simple as two children in a park, one playing with a toy the other with nothing but admiration for the toy. A long time ago these children would happily play with the toy together and not give it a second thought. Now, because of society's antisocial upbringings, the child with the toy would most likely go off to be on his or her own with the toy or just keep on playing being totally oblivious to the fact that there is another little child who wants to play as well.

A child sitting in front of a video console will curse a blue streak should their character not drive fast enough, kill enough, or shoot quick enough for their liking. Games such as 'Turok: Dinosaur hunter' where even the prehistoric creatures aren't safe. The object in this game being to kill the dinosaurs you come across and leave their vividly bloody corpses in your wake. On television it is the same situation, more and more television shows involve sex, drugs, affairs, murder, shootings, scantily clad women, buff guys and profanity. TV shows such as 'Nip/Tuck', a show about promiscuous plastic surgeons with little to no respect for the human image or themselves, only go toward the lack of appreciation for human life. The age old saying 'sex sells' is becoming more and more true with the passing days! Then there are the movies that are coming out that are so full of senseless violence and rage that it is impossible to list them all because Pro Tem would run out of paper. It hurts to think our society is unintentionally bringing itself to an age of pain and suffering. It seems that people are so accustomed to it that it starts to matter less and less whether the problem gets fixed or not. So go out my dears and listen to the people, places and things around you and keep in mind what you are exposing to. Then come home and for the love of all things good, give someone a hug!

- By Jacqui Simon

MAÎTRISE EN SERVICE SOCIAL

Vous aimeriez intervenir auprès de familles, d'enfants, de jeunes ou de personnes âgées en difficulté? Vous aimeriez travailler dans le milieu de la santé?

L'Ecole de service social de l'Université d'Ottawa offre une formation professionnelle et universitaire de haut niveau et en Français, menant à la maîtrise en service social (M.S.S.). Le diplôme, reconnu partout au Canada, donne accès à des postes professionnels nombreux et variés dans des organismes communautaires et publics.

L'Ecole offre aussi un programme avantages d'assistants à l'enseignement et à la recherche.

www.sciencessociales.uottawa.ca/svs

Si vous désirez faire une demande d'admission, téléphonez au (613) 562-5494.

Date limite : 2 février 2004

Université d'Ottawa
Université canadienne

www.uottawa.ca
In-between Days

Just in time for the cold season Gerard Stocker reviews a hot prize-winning novel set in a hot country.

It is a commonplace that the immigrant experience in Canada has become the defining feature of our literature, maybe even our society during the past twenty or thirty years. So much has been made of the uniqueness of this phenomenon to Canada that we forget that some really bad books have been produced under its aegis (Fugitive Pieces anyone?). Furthermore we forget that there are other places in the world where comparable social situations obtain.

Where Canada is on the vanguard, though not uniquely, is in being a place where the palpable sensation of in-between-ness that radiates from many of the immigrant-written novels published today has begun to bleed over into every corner of contemporary life.

As corruption and the sweep of global capitalism redefine the notion of ownership all over the world a feeling of being between identities grows in intensity everywhere. Some find the feeling liberating and comically celebrate their new hybrid identities. In places where the new ownership means large scale theft and the marginalization of entire cultures the feeling is felt as a tragedy.

Set in multi-racial Kenya, M.G. Vassanji’s new book The In-between World of Vikram Lall tries to take the measure of the latter.

Vassanji’s narrator, the eponymous Vikram Lall, is born into an in-between world as a child of Kenya’s sizeable Asian community, a community that sees itself as occupying a place both between whites and blacks and between Kenya and India. From his exile in idyllic Korrenburg (a thinly disguised Cobourg, Ontario, where he has fled since being declared number one on his country’s “List of Shame”), Vikram tells the sorry tale of his life.

Born the son of a shopkeeper in pre-independence times he passes his childhood in the Rift Valley, where he and his sister form a lifelong friendship with a local black child, Njoroge, the ramifications of which move to Nairobi as a young man, making a name for himself in government during that heady first decade of independence (’63-’73), a time when Kenya’s tyro economy posted real growth rates of 8% a year. As he ages he becomes hopelessly entangled in Kenya’s sordid slide into a corruption so deep that the country is now considered among the most corrupt places on earth.

While it’s true that the action of the novel describes a downward arc, Vikram’s memoir in fact teems with as many stories within stories as a Salman Rushdie novel — although without the Rushdie’s poppy Bollywood delivery. Tales abound of daring courtships, thwarted loves, and wayward aunts and uncles. Keeping company with these are potted Indian mythologies, histories of Kenya’s railroading past (as important to the national imagination as they are in Canada) and a brace of horrific murders.

It’s hard to believe that Vassanji can keep so many balls in the air at once. And to be honest the contraption does take a while to get moving. Once it does however, you can see how necessary are all the interconnected stories to what the author is trying to describe.

For Vikram’s memoir is partly an attempt to justify himself, and partly an attempt to put his life into an order that explains how he (and his country) have ended up where they are. There is a temptation to assume that corrupt societies have been and always will be so. And it’s clear that Vikram, as he wades in deeper, has cynically contradict the belief that corruption is the law for the entire world, I refer you to the Perceived Corruption Index published by Transparency International, an NGO dedicated to impeding the spread of corruption.)

Marooned in Canada, with only his past to keep him company Vikram Lall eventually comes to realize that not only does the storied past he owns contradict the belief that corruption has always reigned, but that by aiding and abetting, however passively, he has helped to poison the very vitality of that past.

Vassanji’s novel is a serious book, make no mistake. And like many a “serious” book there is a temptation to judge it on its social merits alone. The author does indeed take a very nuanced approach to anatomizing the genealogy of modern Kenya’s kleptocracy, that’s why he needs so many stories. He is, so far as my knowledge let’s me judge, even-handed while pulling no punches.
The Intolerable Question of Religion

Exploration of religion is growing says Adil Namdaly, yet tolerance remains a concern

The topic of religion today has become very delicate yet rampant. At Glendon, with such a diverse population, discussing religion can be hot or simply not. Engaging in conversations about God, what today is more understood according to what the Self, or energy definitely attracts the modern mind but attracts the traditional.

After popping the question “do you believe” or “do you practice”, a doubtful or resentful no is often heard. Those who answer yes are sometimes looked at with distaste as if religion was a thing of the past or simply not worth talking about. Can a common ground be found? Absolutely. Will it change anyone’s belief? We shouldn’t try to. To escape our own ignorant behavior it is imperative that we educate ourselves with knowledge of different religions and cultures. Only that will help us to be tolerant of each other and will help us create an example for the future.

Understandingly the word religion is often more hated than the word God; primarily because it is sometimes only understood from the Western perspective or from a particular doctrine. A distinction must be made between the edict(s) of the religion(s) and the people interpreting the religion(s). Surely the media plays a big role in portraying that difference and whether or not they are successful is in the hands of the educated public.

The definition of religion has significantly changed. When one says the word religion they are often understood for saying Christianity. The meaning of the word religion does not necessarily have a defined representation today. A collective consciousness can be called a religion and science can be a good example of that.

A topic of discussion that comes up quite often is the issue of going to Church. People value autonomy more than authority which creates a rift when it comes to conventional churches. This phenomenon is found in other religions as well but perhaps not to the same degree or extent. By the same token it is important to understand why some people still go to Church, just as one would rather watch the superbowl with a group of friends cheering for the same team, one may want to go to Church to express their faith through actions with people that share the same beliefs.

On another note, those who are on the quest for meaning often find themselves in front of a religious buffet, picking and choosing what is appropriate for them and rejecting what is not. Imported religions such as Buddhism have found a new clientele. Perhaps it fills the spiritual void from their religion of birth. If a religion becomes rigid it can turn into fear and a clairvoyant reality cannot exist. More and more, religious traditions are becoming aware of their rigidity because they are losing followers. What is attractive nowadays is the Self.

Fortunately we live in a pluralistic society where we are exposed to a wide variety of world views and are allowed to create and recreate our ideas about religion and God. This democratic value not only imposes that we understand and tolerate each other’s differences but that we focus on the similarities. This in my opinion is the foundation in building a bridge.

To find out more about religious tolerance, go to: www.religioustolerance.org or read: Linda Woodhead’s “Religions In The Modern World”, Routledge, 2002.

- By Adil Namdaly

Holiday shopping seem a little less than fair?

There is now an alternative as Sara O’Shaughnessy explains - a growing Fair Trade movement.

Shopping is a generally noxious activity. Especially around the holiday season when prices are exorbitant and high-strung shoppers contemptuously elbow, shove and occasionally hip-check each other in order to get the latest generic plastic item on sale.

However, there are even more nefarious consequences resulting from North America’s # 1 activity. As much as we like to deny it, a lot of what we purchase is created in sweatshops, often by child or bonded labour, and under impoverishing international trade conditions.

Undoubtedly, North Americans will never be able to completely free itself from the need to shop: shopping is how the majority of us acquire basic goods such as food and clothing and whatever else we can’t seem to live without. More unfortunately, large conglomerates and multinational corporations will likely continue to dominate the flow of goods between nations, and control the amount of toxins permeating our supermarkets, big box stores, and overall society.

There is, however, a positive alternative. Fair trade is a growing phenomenon around the world that is creating a better name for shopping by omitting the role of large, profit-maximizing corporations. It is an alternative form of trade that aims to provide a better quality of life and a sustainable future for artisans and producers in destitute communities around the Third World by creating an equitable and accessible market for their goods in more industrialized nations.

This means that the producers are paid a fair wage for their products, usually around 30% of the shelf price. Most regular stores pay their producers a far lower percentage that then entrances them into a cycle of dependency and poverty. The alternative for these artisans often means selling their goods direct to tourists at exorbitant tourist market at equally demeaning prices.

The ‘fairness’ of the wage is determined according to what the producer needs in order to attain a respectable standard of living, which includes adequate housing and nutrition, schooling for members of their families, and the ability to expand their business to eventually achieve self-sufficiency. Usually, a large portion of the wage is paid in advance to assure that the producers can acquire the necessary materials for their products without having to go into debt. Fair trade, as defined by the International Federation for Alternative Trade, must also ensure that the production of goods serves to preserve both cultural traditions and the environment.

This description of fair trade may sound like idyllic naiveté: in some ways it is. Few things on Earth are incorruptible, and there are some businesses that choose to take advantage of the fair trade image without upholding its tenets. It is nearly impossible to determine what is truly fair and equitable, and it is left up to the discerning consumer to ask the right questions.

But there are at least some fair trade stores that abide by a code of transparency and willingly provide contact information for the artisans and producers they work with. Among the most reputable and transparent fair trade stores in Toronto is Ten Thousand Villages which carries a large variety of products ranging from coffee, house wares, greeting cards, jewelry to picture frames. Ten Thousand Villages has two locations in Toronto: 2599 Yonge Street (six blocks North of Eglington) and 362 Danforth Avenue (close to Chester Station).

- By Sara O’Shaughnessy

Shopping at a fair trade store will not save anyone from obscene line-ups or revolting consumer frenzies, but at least it can provide some assistance and dignity to those who are subjected to the worst effects of our consumer culture.

Voltaire, Dictionnaire philosophique, article sur la Tolerance, 1764.

« Qu’est-ce que la tolérance? C’est l’apanage de l’humanité [...] Qu’à la bourse d’Amsterdam, de Londres, ou de Surate, ou de Bassora, le guebre, le banian, le juif, le mahométan, le déicide chinois, le bramin, le chrétien grec, le chrétien romain, le chrétien protestant, le chrétien quaker traitent ensemble : ils ne lèveront pas le poignard les uns sur les autres pour gagner des âmes à leur religion. [...] Il est clair que tout particulier qui persécute un homme, son frère, parce qu’il n’est pas de son opinion, est un monstre. [...] Insensés, qui n’avez jamais pu rendre un culte pur au Dieu qui vous a faits ! Monstres, qui avez besoin de superstition comme le gésier des corbeaux a besoin de charognes ! On vous l’a déjà dit, et on a autre chose à vous dire : si vous avez deux religions chez vous, elles se couperont la gorge ; si vous en avez trente, elles vivront en paix. »
Many people see tattoos as a rebellion against the individuals' parents or another influential factor. This can be true to a certain extent. Others see tattoos as an expression of their individuality or as a representation of who they are.

Some cultures believe that tattoos of a certain design or picture on a person is a sign of authority or leadership. Throughout time men and women have been tattooing themselves, only some of which have been shown to others. Whatever the reason individuals get tattoos, one thing is certain with each tattoo - there's a story behind it.

Good or bad, they all have meaning to the bearer. Someone might get a symbol of a dragon to represent strength in character or a mythical creature like a Griffin that also represents strength and courage. Many people will choose to get something that directly relates to them like their Zodiac symbol or possibly their service number or another representation of their status in the Military.

There are any number of things that people are willing to tattoo on their body as a statement of identity.

The definition of a tattoo is literally to mark the skin, basically leaving a permanent ink stain on the skin surface. The process is simple and easy, it involves a needle with ink in it that it rapidly moved over the skin to inject the ink. It sounds horribly painful and makes one wonder why anyone would ever want to do that to their body? Well, for many after the first few minutes of the first tattoo you stop noticing the pain and become more fascinated with the process.

A common misconception is the amount of pain one has to go through to get a tattoo. In certain places however, tattoos can hurt more than in other areas. Your back is an example where a tattoo can either hurt the most or the least. Over the spine it can hurt quite a lot as with a tattoo going over any bone area. On your lower back or to the left or right can be considerably less painful if not totally painless. Areas such as your shoulders and arms or just above the ankle can be good places for tattoos but you have to be more confident about showing those tattoos to other people. For those with higher tolerance for pain, the center of the back can be a very good place, New Tribe, across the street from the City TV building on Queen Street, or you can visit them on the web at www.newtribe.ca.

A caution however is to make sure the place you are going to is credible. Tattoo artists should be licensed and they should follow proper sanitary methods and be sterile. The artist should always, ALWAYS have gloves on while he or she is tattooing you or handling the needles. For those here at Glendon College there is a very good place, New Tribe, across the street from the City TV building on Queen street, or you can visit them on the web at www.newtribe.ca.

It can not be stressed enough however that tattoos are permanent and to remove them with laser surgery is very expensive and can hurt more than the original tattoo. On the lighter side, tattoos can be fun to have and show to your friends or if they have a very deep meaning for the proprietor they may just be something to look at now and then and think about.

Your body is a temple and should be treated as such but why not spice it up a little with an image or importance to you? Have fun and safe tattooing!!!

- By Jacqui Simon

---

Pro tem Creative Contest
Concours de Création

Écrivez en couleurs!

Pro Tem is looking for your original and imaginative short stories in English or French which make use of a colour as a meaningful element. They should be between 700 and 1500 words long. Your stories will be judged by a panel of three, through a process of blind review. The top four authors will each receive an Oxford Thesaurus, and the story which we judge to be the best will be published in Pro Tem.

Writing in Colour

Email us your stories to protem@glendon.yorku.ca; please include your name in the body of the email, and NOT in the text or the filename.